

An Heroick P O E M

ON

The Right Honourable,

T H O M A S

E A R L O F

O S S O R Y.

Elkanah Settle?



L O N D O N :

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To His GRACE,

The DUKE of

ORMOND.

My LORD,



Ought to implore Pardon for daring to throw my self at Your GRACES Feet, did not the Occasion warrant the Ambition, and the Glory of the Subject consecrate the Poëm I present You. Thus whilst I have endeavoured to pourtraict the Illu-

strious Earl of OSSORY, how faintly soever I have perform'd it, yet I have this Security on my side, that this Worthless Mirrour will receive that Lustre from the Bright Image that fills it, that methinks with that Name for my Authority, I make my Address to the Great Duke of ORMOND, as the Ancient *Romans* made their Entrance to the Temple of Honour, which was through that of Vertue. But in the Commemoration of his transcendant Perfections, I am got so far into so ample a Field, that 'tis impossible for me to take a Prospect of his splendid Gallantries, without surveying their sacred Source, Your GRACES Elder Glories.

'Twas in our late Civil Wars, an Age which I may call the Libertines Carnival; when Treason and Rebellion play'd the Frantick Revellers: 'twas then

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THE EPISTLE DEDICATORY.

the famous Duke of *ORMOND* laid his first Foundation for Immortality, resolved to drain at once his Veins and Fortunes, in a Cause Divinely Glorious. But in vain your GRACES infinite exhausted Treasures; with your own personal Command in Arms, bent their whole force to oppose that Torrent, which Providence had ordain'd should meet no stop. Heaven had decreed the *State-Hydra* should be Invincible, and even an *Herculean Labour* ineffectual.

'Twas then, 'twas then, that *England's* Royal Martyr fell, and by a Stroke so universally deplor'd, that all the Business of such surviving Loyalty as the Duke of *ORMOND's*, was either to Revenge his Murder'd Master, or set in Bloud, and make a Ruby in his Crown of Martyrdome. But as the first was predestin'd to be Impossible, so Heav'n would not permit the last, but gave Your GRACE this Recompence for all your Indefatigable Endeavours in the Loyal Cause, that you survived to see the Restoration of our blessed Sovereign; and by a Turn so Miraculous, that what was an Age in destroying, was recover'd in a Day; whilst Heaven appeased our troubled World with as much Ease as it spoke the Creating Word that form'd it: And Rebellion that had so long misled our Sun, like *Phaeton*, was by the *Thunderer* dash'd from its Seat, whilst our Returning *CHARLES* stept in, and in a Moment reassum'd his Light and Throne. This happy day Your GRACE justly lived to see, and acted so great a Part in the Universal Triumph, that after Your Honourable Exile, and the long Sequestration of so prodigious an Estate, You attended his Majesties Coronation with Your Shatter'd Fortunes, like ragged Ensignes, at once both Ruinous and Glorious too.

Nor

THE EPISTLE DEDICATORY.

Nor must Your GRACE's unwearied Services to Your King and Country finish here : for after the unexampled Honour of four several Commissions for the Government of the hard-neckt Stubborn *Ireland*, Your GRACE has render'd Your self rather the Founder than the Viceroy of a Kingdom, whilst by Your unfathom'd Depths, and incomparable Conduct, You have made that a Jewel in a Crown, which was formerly a Rent-Charge to the English Diadem ; and disclosed the profitable Royal Mine without the least Murmur of the People, or even the shadow of an Oppression ; whilst holding out Your Powerful Scepter in this bold Enterprize, like the old *Mosaick Rod*, You have stemm'd all Oppositions, and past through that Great but hazardous Office on safe and solid Ground, where all Your intervening Competitors have been overwhelm'd or lost.

Thus whilst my elevated Thoughts have often rais'd me to the Contemplation of the Glorious Duke of *ORMOND*, and the no less Glorious Earl of *OSSORY*, two such Worthies in one Age, and in one Family, I cannot but think their Noble and Heroick Mindes could not have a less Original than the Transmigrated Spirits of a *Philip* and an *Alexander* : That restless and daring Courage shone in the Son, and that solid Prudence and Judgement in the Father ; that one had a Soul fit to Conquer a World, and the other to Govern it.

But now, my Lord, with how great and how just an Adoration soever I have offer'd this pious Duty to the Immortal Memory of the Valiant and Loyal *OSSORY*, never was so unhappie an Altar rais'd, or so unwilling an Oblation paid. For had the united tenderest Wishes of all Mankind prevail'd, *England* had still enjoy'd her *Champion*, and *ORMOND*
his

THE EPISTLE DEDICATORY.

his *OSSORY*. This Pious Theme should then have been the work of later Historians, and enrich the Chronicles of Remoter Ages. Then how numerous had his great Atchievements been, and how much more Voluminous had his Recorded Glories swell'd, had Providence thought fit to have lengthen'd out his Life to the Performance of those Wonders which the World so justly expected from so promising a Greatness. But now, alas, considering his Early Setting, his too untimely Fate, he that writes his shining Character, as dazling as it is, yet comes so short of what Nature, by his daily rising Growth, design'd it; that we register his Memorials but as the Famous *Sibyl* publiht her Prophecies; when of her Nine sacred Folio's she left but Three. Her malicious hand that committed the other Six to the Fire, was less spiteful to the World than that Fatal Destiny that brought an *OSSORY* to his Grave. His Race of Honour was so shortned, that his Miracles come forth no less curtaliz'd than her Oracles.

And now, my Lord, if so weak a Pen as mine, has so unworthily presumed on so sublime a Treatise, I beg Your Grace would be pleased to impute it to an Impulse that was wholly Irresistible. His Matchless Vertues were such, that, in spite of Nature it self, have made an Enthusiast. And if the Inspiration is too humble for the Divinity it celebrates, let my Zeal expiate for my Boldness; and my Veneration for that Great Man, make some part of an Atonement for,

My Lord,

Your GRACES

Most Obedient, and
most humbly Devoted servant,

ELKANAH SETTLE.



A N
HEROICK POEM
O N
The Right Honourable,
T H O M A S
Earl of OSSORY.

TO Worthies Dead, we Shrines & Altars give ;
The Temple is but building, whilst they live.
True Greatness is a Pile does daily rise,
Till its last Pinnacle has kiss'd the Skies :
Then, fixt as Fate, th'unshaken Columns hold,
The Fabrick strongest when the Cement's cold.
Here, sacred Shade, our just Devotion flies :
The Saint commences, when the Heroe dies.
Whilst th'Incense of our Vows thus late aspires,
Perfum'd and Lighted at thy Funeral Fires.

B

But

But would we pay thee ought that's worthy Thee,
Thy own Memorials must th' Oblation be.
The *Persians* thus did their Sun's Altar store
With Loads of precious Fragrant Gums, no more }
Than what his Beams had made so Sweet before. }
But are these Pious Rites our onely due ?
No ; with our Pray'rs w' have Execrations too,
Against that Fate which has our Hopes undone,
Making us Wretched, and Thee Blest too soon.
Oh drive that dismal Scene of Horrour hence ;
'Twill break all Numbers, and dissolve all Sense.
Ye Jocund peaceful Quire, if such you be ;
For ill should Harmony with Woes agree.
Ye pow'rful Nine, obey'd thro' the vast ALL,
Who both th' Unborn and Dead to Life can call :
To Forms you Bodies give ; at whose command,
Past, Present, and to Come, walk hand in hand ;
Whilst Time at once to both its Poles you see
Standing the *Janus* to Eternity :
Assist us with your Intellectual Light ;
Present the Living Heroe to our fight.
Oh, let his old Majestick Form arise,
And flash Amazement in bold Gazers eyes ;

As if his Hand still the same Trident bore,
When CHARLES his Thunder shook the *Belgick* shore ;
Whilst O S S O R Y within his Floating Walls,
His valiant Sea-born Sons to Honour calls.
Or let him 'gainst th'insulting *Gallick* Foe
Thro' Lanes of Death to * Mouths of Cannons go;
Then turn thir Roaring Throats to thir own dooms,
Thro' their own Hearts unload their Sulph'rous
So *Jupiter* struck a bold Gyant dead ; [Wombs.
Dasht his hurl'd Mountains back on his own head :
Whilst to his Buried Foes at once he gave,
In their own Arms, both a Defeat, and Grave.

Yet hold my hand ! how daring's this Essay !
Oh, couldst thou, Fancie, his true Painter play !
Be Masterly each Touch ; Paint, as he Fights :
Bold be thy Strokes ; let all his Pictures Lights
Be Thunder ; Desolation every Shade :
Such were the Colours which his Pencil laid ;
Whilst with his Sword the dazzling Piece he drew,
And then at CHARLES his feet the Landscape threw :
At CHARLES his feet ; CHARLES was his Polar Star ;
All his Ambitions Circle center'd there.
His Loyalty and Courage were so pair'd,
As if one Motion and one Life they shar'd.

His

His Glory, and his Princes Interest
Inseparably at once so fill'd his breast,
That when his Soul, big with a Thought Divine,
Quickened and swell'd with some sublime Designe;
Whilst in his Brain the Mighty Embryo lay,
And call'd the *God of Fire* to make it way;
Before the Great *Minerva* could come forth,
The half-born Form teem'd with a second Birth;
Felt through the Mass a Generating Flame,
And straight impregnated with CHARLES his Fame,
From its great Parent sprung, like Light from Fire;
At the same moment born the Offspring & the Sire.
So joyn'd their Source, so undistinguished lay,
Not th' Attributes of Heav'n more linkt than they:
As indivisible to Thought or Sense,
As Infinite is from Omnipotence.
Nay, and to make the Royal Union knit,
If possible, more Close, more Sacred yet,
His Loyalties Foundation stronger laid;
The Worship of his God the Cement made;
With his Kings Cause, to his Religion vow'd,
Joyn'd in his Prayers, he at his Altars bow'd.
So ardent did his wing'd Devotion come,
Not *Hannibal* a more sworn Foe to *Rome*.

Here

Here could some Bolder laboring Muse stand forth,
 Big with all *Pluto's* Secrets at one Birth,
 Down to th'Abyfs of Envy's Mansion go,
 And with her Heav'n-born Sisters dive so low;
 Joyn all your keen Iambicks, mix your Gall,
 And in Poëtick Rage, turn Furies all :
 Then paint some Curst Obdurate Infidel,
 That venom-mouth'd, and snarling Dog of Hell :
 Paint his polluted Hands of that black Taint,
 So Pitchy, as would ev'n defile a Saint :
 In his own Sables be the Fiend array'd,
 In Wilful Ignorance's massie Shade,
 Gross as Gods Plague to *Pharaoh's* harden'd Spight;
 More solid Darknes than *Egyptian* Night.
 Then let us the Conspiring Monster view,
 In Consult with his own Infernal Crew,
 In his Infatuated Blindness frame
 A Stain to *OSSORY's* Immortal Name.
 Here Heav'n, as he would Thine, his Quarrel take,
 And let his Wrongs thy justest Vengeance wake.
 Oh, let not Profanation swell too much,
 So neer an Image of thy Self to touch :
 To charge the Abject Hypocrite, so foul
 And mean a Thought, to so sublime a Soul :

A Soul that would the least Contagion flie :
 So pure a Chrystal holds no Poysonous Dye.
 Oh, that an Unbelief or Doubt should rise,
 Where so much Honor shin'd, t'unccloud their Eyes !
 But why so vain a Wish in his Defence,
 As from Brutality, Belief or Sense ;
 T'apostate Frenzie so entirely given,
 They'd want 'em ev'n to Miracles from Heaven.
 Alas, how stingless does their Malice fall !
 Thy Truth to CHARLES and HEAV'N surmounts it all :
 And to a Hand so try'd, and Truth so known,
 So Popular no Vertue ever shone.
 Thy King, his Royal Standard born by Thee,
 Could not want Swords, nor they want Victory.
 Thy Name would rouz all Hearts:so strang a Charm
 Lodg'd in a Banner wav'd by OSSORY's Arm ;
 So far his loud-tong'd Call of Glory spred, [obey'd
 Scarce the last Trumpet's sound more heard, or more
 And strengthen'd with a Pow'r great as his Will,
 With ease he could Resolve, with ease Fulfill.
 In Conduct, and in Policies of War,
 His Judgment shot so quick, and pierc'd so far ;
 His great Elixirs to Perfection came
 At the first heat of his Refining Flame.

Thus

Thus did *Apollo's* Heav'nly Sister shine,
 At once for Wisdom, and for War, Divine.
 In th'ador'd *Pallas* they compris'd his Charms,
 Assign'd one Godhead both to Arts and Arms.

Yet did not here his own Illustrious Toyls
 Fill his great Soul ; Renown in humbler Spoils
 Was welcome there, whilst his expanded Breast
 Had boundless Room for every Warlike Guest.
 True Valour was his onely Favourite ;
 The Gallant, and the Bold, his whole Delight,
 Flow'd to his Arms, like Rivers thro'the world ;
 Whilst, in his Ocean mixt, th'embracing Billows
 Honour he cherisht, but he taught it first ; [curl'd.
 And lov'd the Non-age of that Worth he nurs'd.
 So the fierce Monarch of the Savage kinde,
 His own full Strength for bolder Deaths design'd,
 Hug'd his dear ~~Cub~~, when flusht in Bloud he lay,
 Tho' his young Paws graspt but a Bleating Prey.

Nor did they onely share his Smiles in War ;
 For still the Brave were his Eternal Care.
 He was their General, and Patron too ;
 No Father half so kind, no Friend so true.
 When in the Field his Martial Eagles flew,

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 Under

Under their Wings to Conquest lead 'em on ;
 And lent 'em Refuge underneath his own :
 Protecting still that Worth he did admire ;
 In Peace their SHIELD, in War their Leading FIRE.
 Even thus of old did the Celestial Hand
 Guide his lov'd *Israel* to the Promis'd Land :
 One while, in a kind CLOUD's refreshing Shade,
 He Health and Shelter, even in Desarts, made.
 Another, did his brighter Beams display,
 In his own Native, and more Heavenly Ray,
 Above 'em like a FIERY PILLAR rod,
 Their Light, or Umbrage ; and in both a GOD.

Yet were his shining Trophies infinite,
 His Orb a *Galaxy*, and much more Bright,
 Not thir whole Blaze one spark of Pride cou'd light.
 Glory his Breast did Fill, but never Swell ;
 Never such height was so accessible.
 No Greatness so familiar ; and so free
 No Temple to the humblest Votary :
 Worth never spoke, nor Justice su'd in vain.
 So have I fancy'd on *Pharsalia's* Plain
 A Tatter'd *Roman* in his Rusty Steel,
 With a rough bow, untaught to Fawn or Kneel,

T^his

T' his Royal Leaders Ear, for Justice, flie ;
 And to Great *CÆSAR*, onely, *Cæsar*, cry.
 Here in that bright Triumphant Chariot hurl'd,
 Design'd to drive around the vanquisht World,
 The Awful Universal Majestie
 Casts on his Honourable Scars an Eye ;
 Curbs his hot Steeds, and makes a halting Pause,
 To Judge and Right an honest Souldiers Cause.

Nor was the Temper of his Minde alone
 Healthful and Vigorous in Wars Torrid Zone :
 In Peace's Cooler Climes he flourish'd too,
 Shining, and sweetning every Air he drew.
 Here, Muse, his Praise like thy *Parnassus* frame ;
 On two Twin-Mounts of Greatness build his Fame.
 His Vertues led a Court, as well as Camp,
 And taught 'em Honour of the Noblest Stamp.
 To Promises, he Resolution brought ;
 And never launcht a Word beyond a Thought.
 So Courtly too his Conversation made,
 That in his Face all Manly Graces play'd.
 Tho' Fate and Thunder did his Arm surround,
 The Fires were Lambent w^{ch} his Temples crown'd :
 Whilst with those Gentle Courteous Airs he smil'd,
 Calm as *Loves Mother*, than *Her Son* more mild ;

But rougher than the Sea, where she was born,
When Plumes and Steel his haughty Brows adorn.

If such heap'd Vertues to one man were given,
Challenge thy own, his Great First Mover, Heaven :
Thy own indeed ; for every Martial Star,
Those Hosts of animating Fires, shine there,
With all their whole united Influence, hung
O'er his blest Head ; strong was their Force, as strong
His Parentage, th' alike Ascendant Pow'rs
Of a long Line of far-fam'd Ancestours ;
Worthies enroll'd, such Antiquated Dust,
Whose Images, of venerable Rust,
Lie stretcht on moulder'd Monuments, so old,
That they are scarce less Dust than what they hold,
So eat by Time, till Light's officious Ray
Peeps through, and to the Grave lets in the Day.
Thus in his Greatness and Allegiance too,
His Miracles Hereditary grew :
In *ORMOND*'s Heir the last firm Link he bears,
Of one unbroken Chain drawn thro' four hundred
A Chain which from such Ages held so fast, ^{years ;}
Must thro' the whole *Platonick* Circle last ;
Till wondring Time to th' *Ormond*-praise shall tell,
That Greatness truly stands, that never fell.

These

These Honours, O S S O R Y, thy Birth create ;
 But thou'rt a nearer Favourite of Fate.
 'Mongst all the Virtues in thy Bosome reign,
 A Godlike Courage leads th' Angelick Train.
 And since unactive Loyalty's no more
 Than a bright Minde, rich Natures hidden Oar ;
 This Bolder Gamester takes a Nobler way,
 Sets high for Fame, and brings his Gold in play.
 Eager he threw, and Young to'th Lifts he came ;
 Th' Abetting *God of War* pusht on the Game :
 Thro' his fir'd Veins made the warm Heroe rise,
 Glow in his Cheeks, and sparkle in his Eyes.
 War was his early Mistress, his first Aim,
 Thro' untrod ways to court uncommon Fame ;
 Whilst with a Strength unequal to his Will,
 And wanting Years his Wishes to fulfil,
 Oft would he murmur at the lazie Sun,
 And bid the tedious Charioteer drive on.
 Tir'd with his Youth, in Natures face he flew,
 Curst her slow Architect, and Envious grew
 At that quick Bloud in our First Parent ran,
 Who, at a Word created, stept out Man.
 Young as a *Ganymede*, he long'd to be
 As neer th' Almighty Thunderer as He.

With

With Transport view'd *Jove's* Royal *Eagle* soar,
 And envy'd her her Height, her Pride ; but more }
 The fatal Bolt her Radiant Talons bore.

Alcides Rage did his young Bosome fill ;
 His Infant-hands wanted his Snakes to kill.

With this fresh Bloom his Youthful spirit grew,
 Early he read Fames written Volumes through.
 But by the Earlier hand of Fate attack'd,
 Was taught to Suffer, ere h' had power to Act.

When *England* late with her own Bloud did flow,
 And that dire Stroke, th'unutterable Blow,
 Did the whole *British* forfeit World enslave,
 Digging in Royal Veins the *English* Honours Grave :
 Th'Usurping *Lucifer* here snatcht the Throne ;
 Cry'd, Hell's amongst 'em, and all Hell's my own ;
 Whilst Loyal Hearts for Sacrifice decreed,
 In Hecatombs to the new *Moloch* bleed.

Amongst the Crouds for Lingerings deaths secur'd,
 Is our young Pris'ner in the Tow'r * immur'd.

'Tis true, no Fact against his Life they bring,
 Too weak a Pillar yet t'uphold a King.

But what occasion for a stronger Proof ?

He's born of th'*Ormond*-Race, and that's enough.

* Imprisoned two years by Cromwel.

A Native Loyalty darts from his Eye;
 And Looks are Guilt, when Murder'd Monarchs die.
 Besides, the Hell-born Locust, not alone
 Contented to pollute the Kingly Throne,
 His sacred Purple stain, his Land devour;
 But to root up all Seeds of Royal Pow'r;
 Resolv'd he'd that Eternal Winter bring,
 Should blast all Thoughts of SECOND CHARLES his [Spring;
 Would his last Hopes of Loyal Labourers spoil,
 And leave no Hands to Cultivate the Soyl.
 Thus our young Brave's t' a timely Dungeon sent,
 Chain'd, but not tam'd; and crusht, but yet unbent:
 So Terrible his unarm'd Hand appear'd,
 In th'unstruck Flint the hidden Fires he fear'd.
 So dreadful to th'old Fiend was the First Man;
 (His Vertues fatal t'his Infernal Raig,
 Such Threatning Beams did his young Dawn dis-
 Was Formidable ev'n in Innocence. [pence)

If such thy Morning was, what was thy Noon!
 Alas, my dazled Eyes answer too soon.
 'Tis true, with our Erected Eyes we may
 To thy full Orb our Adoration pay;
 But humbler Mindes Heroick Souls survey,

As Men view Stars ; at whose prodigious Height
 We see a Point, but not a Globe of Light.
 Great Lustre either distant shines, or when
 By Mortal View approacht, 'tis nearer seen ;
 'Tis like th'old Sire that walkt with God, whose Face
 Too bright, came veil'd, to talk to humane Race.
 If then the Region of thy Soul's too high,
 To which the Fluttering Muses cannot flie ;
 Not their wing'd *Pegasus* th'Attempt dares breath,
 But shrinks at the Ascent, and lags beneath :
 Thy Deeds then be the safer Theme we'll sing ;
 He that would Paint the Sun, must draw the Spring.

A Land there is, on Bold Foundations laid,
 Foundations that durst Natures self invade ;
 A Land, by Heav'n's Creation never made :
 A Land, where Keels once cut their Liquid way ;
 Where in the Surge the stretcht *Leviathan* lay, [play.]
 Whilst all the Slimy Race did wondring round him
 A Nation, who to that strange Greatness come,
 Out-did th' *Asylum* of old Rising *Rome*.
 They rob'd all Corners of the Earth, to be
 A People ; for their Land, they rob'd the Sea :
 First elbow'd *Neptune* out, to build a Seat ;
 And then they jostled Monarchs, to be Great.

This

This Stubborn Race could face the Ocean's Lord,
 GREAT BRITAINS KING, and face him unador'd :
 Disdain'd their Duteous Homage to allow ;
 Too Stiff to Kneel, or else too Tall to Bow.
 Pamper'd to Pride, t' a Lust of Pow'r high-fed ;
 By Envy's Eldest Birth, Ambition, led,
 They durst dispute the Empire of the Main,
 Spur'd with a hope more rash than *Xerxes* Chain.

Here our Great *OSSORY*'s first Toyls begun ;
 TWAS CHARLES his Ocean saw his Rising Sun.
 His Country's Quarrel does his Hand embrace,
 Sent out to Lash this Bold Amphibious Race.
 A posting *Mercury* more swift ne'r rod
 To bear the Mandates of an Angry God,
 Wings on his Feet, and Duty in his Eyes,
 Than *OSSORY* with CHARLES his Vengeance flies.
 Not *CÆSAR*'s proud *Armado* could engage
 The valiant *Anthony* with deadlier Rage,
 Whilst the *Ægyptian* Warriour by his side
 Saw *Cleopatra*'s Glittering Galley ride ;
 Fill'd with a Beauty that ev'n Death could warm ;
 A Mistress fight t' a Fighting Lovers Arm ;
 Both by her Wishes and her Eyes inspir'd,
 Wing'd as she Breath'd, and as she Lookt, she fir'd.

Am-

Ambition never joyn'd two Foes more fierce,
 Engag'd for the disputed Universe;
 Whilst *Cæsar's* WORLD as little cou'd afford,
 AS CHARLES his SEAS, Room for a Rival-Lord.

On such a Theme our English Champion draws
 A Sword that's no less Glorious than his Cause :
 Here his long Banks his pouring Torrent breaks,
 And an unbounded loose to Ruine takes ;
 Whilst Tempest-like it Gathers as it rous :
 (The natural Start of all Impetuous Souls.)
 So roar'd his Cannons thro' the trembling Floud,
 Th'admiring Gods for his Spectators stood ;
 Sally'd from all the utmost Ports of Heav'n
 To the Mid-Air, to see the Onset giv'n.
 So loud, so dismal was the Voice of War,
 That at the Scene, the Bashful *Thunderer*
 With awful silence was astonisht grown,
 Listning to Sounds more Dreadful than his own :
 Saw Bolts of Fire in Hissing Billows drown'd,
 And heard the Shores with greater Shocks rebound
 Than when the Sweating *Cyclops* burning Toyl
 Makes his own Firmamental Waters boyl.
 So did our O S S O R Y's keen Lightning play,
 Gilding the Streams, and Burnishing the Sea ;
 Whilst

Whilst the enlightned Waves, at ev'ry Flash,
 Drank up more Fires, than when their watry Face,
 Natures great Mirrour, Elemental Glafs,
 Drinks up the Stars; when in the sparkling Main
 The Pilot views a second CHARLES HIS WAIN;
 Reflected Heav'ns inverted Concave lie,
 With twinkling Lights danc'd in a Waving Skie.
 Thus fought our OSSORRY: And thus inspir'd,
 His heartned Souldiers, with a Zeal untir'd,
 Pusht thir whole Strength to th'utmost Tug of War;
 Nor thought they could have trod on Graves too
 Such vig'rous Health thir chearful Spirits wear:^{[far,}
 No unrewarded Valour murmur'd there.
 He onely exercis'd those Nerves he fed,
 His Bounty fatning what his Courage led.
 Thus mov'd they in the Circle of his Charms;
 His Influence fate above, to guide their Arms.
 Soul of their World, did his great Genius flow.
 So the high Spheres their vast tun'd Measures go;
 Whilst Seasons, Days, & Years, dance after 'em be-
 He was an Admiral, deserv'd to grace^{[low.}
 A Constellation, more than that *Greek* Race,
 Whose Honour in the ravisht Golden Prize
 Bore the Rich *Argonaut* above the Skies.

[shines,
Where in Eternal Calms each Spangled Streamer
Whilſt everlaſting Lights adorn Immortal Pines.

But now on Shore let's view his next Command,
His Watry Chariot left, to drive at Land :
'Th'unharnes'd *Tritons* to their Reſt reſtor'd,
Whilſt his Yoakt Lyons wait their mounting Lord.

Here, *OSSORY*, let *MONS* thy Deeds proclaim,
And ſing an Engliſh General's deathleſs Fame :
Flanders laſt Battle fought, and won by Thee ;
A Battle 'gainſt a Glorious Enemy ;
Fluſht with Succeſs, and long with Laurels Crown'd:
Perhaps before untaught to quit his ground.
A Foe, who with his Arts of War prepar'd,
Batt'ries and Trenches, and all Natures Guard,
Encamp'd with all th' Advantage of the Field,
Did onely to Victorious Courage yeild.
Raiſing that Siege, thou didſt ſuch Wonders do,
Raiſe th' univerſal Siege of *Flanders* too.
For to that one determinating Blow,
The Northern Peace does her Foundations owe.
Thus that great Work, for which, ſo long deſir'd,
Contending Kingdoms had in vain conſpir'd,
United fought, united toyl'd, and tir'd ;

}
Fate

Fate did alone for thy bold Arm decree,
 As being the onely Labour fit for Thee.
 How far proud *France's* Fury, uncontroul'd,
 Unbounded, like a Fiery Deluge rould ;
 Till *U S S O R Y* did that Great Day appear,
 And bid the Conflagration finish there.
 So when Omnipotence the Globe had fram'd,
 Had spoke out Light, and warring Elements tam'd ;
 When nought but his great Word in Bounds could
 The Lawless Torrents of the Mighty Deep, [keep
 He bid the Foaming OCEAN know the Shore ;
 Thus far its Rages Limits, and no more.
 A scarce less Work for thy Illustrious Hand
 Had the Decision of one Day ordain'd :
Flanders her Peace did to Thy Sword assigne,
 Whilst the Libration of a World was Thine.
 The *Belgick* Lyon from his Toyl set free,
 And the long Plagues of War dispell'd by Thee,
 Thy Bounteous Influence like o'rflowing *Nile*,
 Clear'd the Sick Air, and fatten'd all the Soyl.
 Thus the old Gods from *Ida's* top beheld
 The *Phrygian* Plains with *Greeks* and *Trojans* fill'd ;
 Saw Death and wild Destruction stalk around,
 And Massacre with Blazing Chaplets Crown'd,
 Till

Till the warm Cause some Heav'nly mind inspir'd,
From a Spectator to a Champion fir'd.

And when on Heaps the dismal Ruines lay,
Steps a descending God, and parts the Fray.

Here let the Labours of our Heroe cease,
Encircled in his own Creation, Peace.

The greatest Warriours have in Ease most share,
And always act the shortest part in War :

To Victory they cut too near a way,

Too firm a Ground for lasting Triumphs lay,

And the whole work of Years ends in a Day.

Rare are the Toyls of all Stupendious Pow'r,

Great *Michael* fought but once, and *fore* no more.

But stay, these humble Praises are too small ;
To say he Led, Fought, Vanquish'd, Triumph'd, all.
'Tis not enough, unless all Tongues record
His Principles more Glorious than his Sword.

The Pen of Steel alone it must not be

That to fam'd Chiefs writes Immortality.

Men the True Heroe like the Martyr paint :

'Tis the Great Cause that consecrates the Saint.

When his Heroick Vertues spread so far,
The universal darling Son of War,

That

That Rival-States for his Alliance fu'd ;
 His Hand and Sword by courting Nations woo'd :
 First the great *France* his assail'd Passions try'd,
 Brought her gay Cause in all her tempting Pride ;
 The Richest, Haughtiest, most Majestick Bride *.
 Upon her head she wore a Coronet
 Of Mystick Figure : for the Ground was Jet ;
 A Sable Field with Sanguine Rubies set.
 Her best-lov'd Jewel on her Arm was plac'd ;
 In Modern Mould a *Roman* Medal cast ;
 A JULIUS CÆSAR pictur'd to the Waist.
 Amidst her shining Breast-plates Radiant Beams,
 Loaded with Pearl, and Studded o'r with Jems ;
 A curious Eye might at a Glimpse see drawn,
 In Aëry Rays of scatter'd Silver Dawn,
 An Inlaid Remnant of a CROSS she bore ;
 But Shaded with the Massier PRIDE she wore.
 Upon her Shield (for she was Martial drest)
 A Painter had in Miniature exprest
 Her vanquisht Slaves, great Leaders once, and most
 The Lords of Cities, Towns, or Castles, lost :
 Some by her Shafts, the Lightning of her Eyes,
 Subdu'd and Chain'd, her Lawful Conquests prize ;

* Being courted by the French King to his Service, when Embassadour into France, with the proffer of
 10000 Pistols per annuity, and 20000 for his Equipage.

But others her Ignobler Fetters hold,
 Charm'd by her well-try'd Magick Philter, GOLD.
 To all this Pomp a wondrous Dow'r she brought ;
 Sure Baits which an unguarded Heart had caught.
 But *O S S O R Y* unmov'd by Form or Show,
 Wisely survey'd this gaudy Temptress thro'.
 Th'Infatiate Thirst of unjust Pow'r, he saw,
 Her Heart, like a *Promethean* Vulture, gnaw :
 A heart more worthy of his Doom than his,
 His Guilt outdone even by her Victories:
 The ill-got Trophies which her Arms acquire
 More Robb'ry then the stoln *Promethean* Fire.
 Here all her Depths he sounds ; her Vows but Ayre,
 Bloody her Frowns, her Smiles Designe and Snare.
 Of Broken Leagues he heard the murm'ring sound,
 And Sacramental Bonds in *Lethe* drown'd.
 In vain her Pow'r, Success, or Treasure pleads;
 In vain her Arts, in vain her Nets she spreads.
Flanders presents him with a Choice more fair ;
 There was all Truth, all unstain'd Honour there.
 His Eye was straight t'a distress'd Beauty led,
 Fixt like a second Royal *Andromede*.
 At Stake her Fortunes and her Glories lay:
 And all design'd for a Devourers Prey.

She

He saw the Monster roul the swelling Tide ;
 Hungry he came, and gap'd Destruction wide.
 Her Dangers made her Lustre brighter shine ;
 Her Sufferings shap'd her Lovely and Divine.
 Here the warm *U S S O R Y* could hold no more :
 Here his Wing'd Steed the fiery Rider bore ;
 Whilst to her Aid our Angry *Perseus* rod.
 Revenge is the Espousal of a God.
 Rouz'd by her Wrongs, a generous Sword he draws,
 Wedding his unbrib'd Hand t' a Spotless Cause.
 Thus doubly arm'd, to Royal **O R A N G E* flew,
 Showring like *Jove* in Gold, and Thunder too.
 Done like himself, an Action great and high :
 'Twas more to face, than follow Victory.
 To tug with *France*, was but to fight more warm.
 The Noblest Grapling's with a Conquering Arm.
 Here the calm *U S S O R Y* takes a long Rest
 Of two whole Years in Glories *Halcyon* Nest.
 Th' unactive Christendom does not afford
 A second cause for his Miraculous Sword :
 Till rouz'd by an Alarm from th' *Africk* Shore,
Tangier and Honour call him out once more.

* Disclaiming the Advantageous proffers of France, and taking the Confederates side, for the Justice
 of their Cause ; spending in their Service 6000l. of his own in one Campaigne.

The angry *Moors* the ROYAL CHARLES invade ;
Tangier by Christian * Arts and Arms betray'd.
 Apostate faithless Christian, by the first
 Of your own falling Traytors taught, and curst :
 Who for his worshipt dearer Idol, Gold,
 His Paradise, and Sacred Master sold :
 His entail'd Treasons to his Heirs convey'd,
 The Christian strength like their own *God* betray'd.
 Thus comes the skill'd *Barbarian* to the Field,
 Fighting behinde an *European* Shield :
 An Enemy ne'r Terrible before,
 For Numbers dreadful, but for Conduct, more.
 Too soon the Town the pressing *Savage* feel,
 The fatal Earnest of his well-taught Steel ;
 Whilst *England* waken'd at their sad Alarms,
 Calls out the valiant O S S O R Y to Arms.
 No less the Loyal O S S O R Y prepares
 On his own Neck t'unload his Countries Cares,
 With twice their Zeal, but not with half their Fears.
 With Warlike Rage like a new Comet burns :
 To *Africk* straight his pointed Vengeance turns.
 Here flying Fame with the glad Tydings posts,
 Which the shrill *Tritons* waft to th' *Africk* Coasts.

* The Moors being taught the Art of Storming by Renegadoes.

The Ravisht *Tangerines* at his ador'd
 Dear Name, to Hopes, to Life, to Souls restor'd,
 Quit their Despair, and with one Ecchoing Cry,
 Their universal Voice was, Victory.

Charm'd with their Tutelar Saint, *Tangier* is all
 But one united Solemn Festival.

Whilst jocund *Gibraltar* does his tun'd Praise
 Above its own *Herculean* Columns raise.

Their Extasies to those wild Raptures ran,
 Fill'd with the Deeds of this Prodigious Man;

As they had foreseen the Miracle again

Of the old Prophet on *Philistia's* Plain :

Such certain Conquest from his Name conclude,

As if the *holding up his Arm* subdu'd.

But oh ! in vain the Great Commission's given ;
 'Twas Seal'd on Earth before 'twas Sign'd in Heav'n:

CHARLES calls him, but GOD sends him forth. Alas!

Our Conquerour a new *Rubicon* must pass,

Bound for a further more Triumphant Coast,

Design'd the Leader of a Brighter Host.

'Twas here th'Impoverisht Mourning world he left,

Too early of its dearest Pride bereft :

Yes, happier Stars, caught up at Natures Noon ;

Yon Azure Battlements o'erleapt too soon.

H

The

The envious Fates snatcht our Rich Hopes away,
 Ere half his Golden World discover'd lay.
 What vast Atchievements has one Grave entomb'd,
 Designes of Glory yet unwing'd, unplum'd!
 So on a Cedar's top, Lord of the Grove,
 O'er some proud Mountain, broods the Bird of *Jove*;
 Till an unhappie Blast of Lightning shoots,
 Rends its tall Trunk from off its shatter'd Roots;
 And when in Dust the Marty'r'd Reliques lie,
 All her whole Nest of unfledg'd Eaglets die.

With such a fall our *O S S O R Y* expir'd,
O S S O R Y as far Lamented as Admir'd;
 A Tribute due t' his Consecrated Name;
 His Exequies as boundless as his Fame.
 Nor was this Grief alone t' his Friends confin'd:
 For he deserv'd so well from all Mankind,
 That ev'n his Foes, spight of themselves, are just,
 And dedicate a Sigh to *O S S O R Y*'s Dust:
 Whilst Chronicles must his sad Fate record
 Pity'd by Envie, and by Fear deplor'd.
 Onely th'unchristian *Savages*, the wild
Barbarian Africks well-pleas'd *Genius* smil'd.
 The *Moors* so loud an *lô Pean* sung,
 Till to their *Mahomet* their Echoes rung.

Our Christian Heroe's death such Transport darts,
Up from his amorous Paradise he starts,
Leaving, to gratifie his new-charm'd Ears,
Th'unfinisht Pleasure of a Thousand Years.

But tho' *Tangier* has a Defender lost,
And spightful Destiny his Wishes crost ;
War, and War's darling-Goddes left him last :
As living, he ador'd her, he embrac'd
Her dying, in his pangs he held her fast.
Still at *Tangier* * his waving Ensignes flie ;
Forts, Bulwarks, Trenches glide before his Eye :
And though by Fate it self disarm'd, he dies,
Even his last Breath his Sooty Foes defies ;
He still his Visionary Thunder pour'd,
And graspt the very Shadow of a Sword.
Not the *Pellæan* Conquerors Fever burn'd
So Fierce as his : his Dreams to Battles turn'd,
Sieges and Storms ; a Scene of Death so Great,
As did his Active, Martial Life repeat.
And when his Fighting Frenzie rov'd too far,
'Twas but a Copie of th' old Gyants War.
In Antick Forms he wild Battalions drew,
Rais'd Hills on Hills, *Pelion* on *Ossa* threw.

* All the Deliriums of his Fever were wholly taken up with defending *Tangier* , and fighting the Moors.

[20]

Vaft were th'Idea's of his mounting foul ;
'Twas Glory all, War all, Ambition whole.
And when th' Extravagant Heroe foar'd too high,
It was but fome Afpiring Thought let fly, }
That Sally'd out to take Eternity.
Onely his Storms did more Auspicious prove,
T' affail the Skies he had all Friends above.
Beyond their faint Original he flew,
For he fcald Heav'n like them, but won it too.
Here couldst thou, Mufe, to Numbers have confin'd
The ftrong bold Starts of his great labouring Mind,
His ftrange Convulfions, and Tempeftous Flame ;
Know, twas the Earthquakes of his loofning Frame.
Fancie he in a Fiery Chariot rod,
And fhook the Chryftalline on which he trod.
For his Approach here waiting Angels ftay,
Ready a Throne, prepar'd a Diadem lay : [They. }
But our great Saint comes more prepar'd than
Ufelefs a Coronation-Robe was given ;
Majestick he fet out, array'd for Heaven.
Few were the Drops t'anoint his facred Brow ;
Fragrant he came, and Radiant as he flew.
Quick was the Ceremony, fhort the State ;
But Long the Shouts their well-tun'd Joys create :
Their

Their Glittering Guest in a full Quire they greet,
Who brings that Light, which others die to meet.

If such Celestial Pomp fills thy new Train,
Let not thy Heavenly Joys, blest Soul, disdain
That meaner Homage which poor Mortals owe,
Paid by thy humbler Worshippers below :
When Ages shall, in Monumental Brass,
Write thy Recorded Praise till Time's last Glass ;
And with such Zeal preserve thy Hallow'd Shrine,
Till th'expir'd World's last Ashes mix with thine :
Fame to all Nations shall thy Worth unfold,
In Heav'n's Prophetick Eloquence of old :
Her wondrous Tongue, for wondrous Truths de-
Speaks in all Languages to all Mankind. [sign'd,

Yet stay, Great Saint, loud as thy Deeds ere rung,
In whatere Soyl thy planted Lawrels sprung,
There was a Region where thy Praise ne'r flew,
And that forbidden Air thy Fame yet never drew.
For from Thee they were banisht, from thy Ear ;
In all their Flights durst never reach that Sphere.
Thy Actions kept a Solemn Jubilee,
By all men heard, by all men told, but Thee.

And yet this Modest Godlike Chief must pay
Nature's last Debt and die. Die ! did I say ?

Pardon, bright Heir of everlasting Day.
Great Worthies never yet entirely dy'd ;
Death onely does Invert their Pyramide.
The Heroes Soul, the Basis of his Fame,
That 'bove the Clouds mounts his Immortal Name, }
He gone, the Stars our happier Rivals claim.
And when his vast translated Spirit, alone
An *Atlas* load, builds its Eternal Throne ;
Does a whole Spacious Constellation fill ;
Not Heav'n it self can hold him all : for still
He leaves his Deeds behinde him when he Dies ;
Points down his Pendant Glory from the Skies.
Blaze out, blaze out, a Glory so divine,
Till all Great Mindes by thy Reflection shine ;
Their Pious Grievs to Emulation turn,
Till their warm Pitie up to Envie burn.
So may this Sun of Honour set in State,
Gilding the Sable Clouds that Mourn his Fate.
May his Example thus such Patriots breed,
That shall to all his high Renown succeed ;
And, as his Courage is too large a Guest
To make a Transmigration to one Breast ;
Like the old *Greeks* when *Alexander* dy'd,
Share his great Heart, his World of Fame divide.

F I N I S.